

## POETRY.

From the Model American Courier.

### A TRUTH.

Oh, tell me when the joy will come,  
That I have sought so long,  
In lonely walks of forests green,  
And in the busy throng!  
I have looked for it in beauty's smiles,  
I have sought it everywhere,  
Have tried in vain love's winning strain,  
But, oh, it was not there!  
In Nature's gentle loveliness,  
Mid fields in summer time,  
Where flow'rets laughed, and happy birds  
Poured forth their joyful chime;  
And where the little babbling brooks,  
Like children freed from care,  
Prattle and play the hours away—  
I've sought the phantom there!  
In summer nights, among the stars,  
I've bid my fancy rove,  
And blessed them as they kissed the wave  
With timid looks of love;  
And wondered if of all the hearts  
One felt my soul's despair,  
Whence upward rise so many eyes,  
Like mine, to linger there!  
On Friendship's truth I fondly leaved,  
And crushed it—like a reed—  
Oh, 'twas a lovely thing in words,  
How empty in the deed!  
And little children, whom I loved,  
So artless and so fair,  
Let day by day their love decay,  
Like yew tree dying there!  
I found a gentle, dark-eyed girl,  
With voice—how low and sweet!  
Who used to come with kindling glance  
My heart's fond words to meet!  
Ah, me—my life was then as soft  
As songs on summer air,  
But scarce 'twas bright ere came the night,  
And Hope soon perished there!  
And now I am alone—alone,  
Beneath the bright blue sky—  
And cheerful voices sounding near,  
But none to mask my sigh;  
My home hath lost its happiness,  
My heart o'erwhelmed with care;—  
I'll seek in Heaven the joy that's given  
To all who ask it there!

## AGRICULTURAL.

From Allens Book of the Farm.

### GRASSES.

*Egyptian or Syrian Millet or Guinea Grass*, (*Sorghum halepense*), known by various other names, is a native of our southern states, in many of its varieties, although it has been imported from abroad. I have seen it growing in profusion on Long Island, Charleston, S. C., and in Southern Mississippi. It grows like a very slender, miniature cornstalk, from four to six feet high, with a strong stem, and large grassy leaf, and bears a stately seed stalk, tufted with flowerets, which, however, so far as they have come within my knowledge, do not bear a fully-ripened seed in this country. That imported from the Mediterranean grows with great vigor. Its roots are tuberous, large and prolific; and equally with the rich, succulent leaves and stalks, when the latter are young, they are at all times greedily devoured by stock. Dr. Bachman, of South Carolina, considers it a stock-sustaining plant, far superior to any other grown at the south. It is difficult to remove when once embedded in the soil, and the cotton planters look upon its introduction into their cultivated fields with unmingled apprehension.

*Bermuda Grass*, (*Cynodon dactylon*.) This is considered by Mr. Spalding, an experienced planter in Georgia, who examined them both critically, from specimens which he raised together, as the Doub grass of India, so much commended by Sir William Jones, and so highly prized by the Bramins. It is by the agriculturists of the south deemed an invaluable grass, yielding four or five tons per acre on good meadow. Mr. Affleck, of Mississippi, states the yield of three cuttings at five to six tons per acre on common meadow, that it loses only 50 per cent. of its weight in drying, and is consequently the hardest grass to cut. It is one of the most nutritive grasses known, and is of great value to the river planter. It loves a warm and moist, but not wet soil.

*Crab Grass* is considered, (unjustly as I think,) a pest by the cotton planters, for equally perhaps with the Bermuda, it is a rich and nutritious grass. It comes up after the crops are laid by, (received their last plowing and hoeing,) and grows rapidly as the cotton or corn matures and dries; and by the time they are ready to remove from the field, has frequently attained so large a growth, as to afford a crop of hay. Even considered as a fertilizer alone, it is a valuable assistant to the planter. When the corn or cotton is young, the ground requires working to an extent sufficient to keep down this grass, solely with a reference to preserving its porosity—its dew condensing, dew absorbing properties. When the crop is sufficiently matured to need no further care, the grass shoots forward rapidly, and absorbs largely from the floating elements of the air.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.

The Legislature of New York passed an act recently requiring the county clerk of every county in the State, to subscribe for, and preserve the files of two newspapers printed, we believe, within their respective counties. This is probably as wise a measure as ever was enacted by the Legislature of the Empire State, and the Evening Post of New York city, gives good and sufficient reasons to bear out the assertion. It says that no historical monument that has ever been devised has half the value for future reference that belongs to a newspaper, and no record can be made of current events nearly as truthful, as minute, as systematic, or as accessible as the "happy pages which no critics criticize," of a periodical journal. But for them, in this country, we should soon lose all evidence of events not strictly legislative, and fifty years hence our posterity would be as much at a loss to trace the interior history of this generation, as we are in attempting to recall the more delicate lineaments of social life in the ages of Elizabeth, or of the Edwards.

The newspaper is the common repository of every thing of general concern that is done, said, thought, and suffered, within its range of active circulation. It bears record of the people's tastes and of the means enjoyed for satisfying them; of their industry and its results; of their opinions and the processes by which they are formed, modified, and changed; of their politics, their religion, their social relations and habits, their virtues and their vices; in a word, of their whole existence as a community of men. We think we are not speaking rashly when we say that the advertisements alone of a popular daily newspaper, like the Times of London, or some of our most prominent cotemporaries in this city, for fifty years, possesses intrinsically a higher historical value than all the historical records which are embodied in the literature of ancient Greece; assuming, of course, that the civilization of England and of Greece, for that period, were of equal interest to the world. In them we see, from day to day, what people buy and what they sell, what they make, what they eat, and what they wear, what they enjoy, where they travel and where they sed, when they are born and when they die, when and whom they marry, when and why they are punished, and what are their rewards; what books are made and what books are sold, what laws are enacted and what laws are violated, what Gods are worshipped, and in what new religion they are taught and how, by whom and how the face of the earth is travelled, and the great deep navigated, and the wings of the wind made to carry burdens. All these things, and many more, are taught by the advertisements of a daily journal. They disclose the civilization of a people with a fullness and correctness to which the most elaborate, the most authentic, the most philosophical, the most ingenious and faithfully written histories of antiquity do not approach.

What would we not give for a file of a Roman daily during the age of Augustus? How profitable might we exchange for it all the histories of Rome which ever have been or ever will be written? Neither Livy or Tacitus, nor Dion Cassius, nor Cicero, nor Suetonius, nor Pliny, nor Beaufort, nor Niebuhr have told us a tithe of what would have found its way into the teeming journals of that metropolis of nations. We should then be able to turn to the date of Cicero's speech for Milo, and read editorial comments from the pen of Sallust or of Hortensius. In another column we might find a new lyric inspired by the muse of Horace, or a new lyric inspired by the muse of Horace, or a new satire from the inexorable pen of Juvenal. Farther on we would perhaps read of the first appearance of Rosecius in the *Andrea* of Terence, or of *Æsop*, "for this night only," in the *Amphitruon* of Plautus. The struggles of the forum and in the halls of justice, the frequent and curious religious ceremonies, the daily amusements, the commerce the agriculture, the army, the literature, the industry, the very life of old Rome, all might be found in such a record as fresh, and as full, and as satisfactory almost as if we had been permitted ourselves to open the sheet yet da up from the press, under the shadows of the Capitoline.

Compared with such a record, of what worth are all the inscriptions, medals, coins, and monuments transmitted to us by antiquity, over which fully thirty generations of men have been poring with whatsoever light their learning and science, and industry and wealth, and patronage could shed in the vain hope of extracting from it some imperfect trace of the old civilizations which have "died and left the world no copy?" Besides the advantages enumerated, a newspaper to the family circle is indispensable, because it is a map of busy life from day to day, chronicles the marriages, deaths, casualties, the accidents by flood and field, the movements of the political and fashionable world, the local intelligence, and everything of a public character important to be known.

A good newspaper, says Prentice of the Louisville Journal, is a perfect mirror of the times, reflecting every event of interest that takes place. No mind can be well informed which does not habitually consult the pages of the newspaper. It is of great importance to children that they have the means placed before them of becoming acquainted with what is taking place in the world. They thus, in early life, prepare their minds to understand those affairs in which they must, when grown up, become actors. A child who grows up ignorant of all the events save those that occur in his immediate vicinity, is sure to blunder, and often to blunder fatally, when he arrives at manhood and is called on to perform his part in the great and stirring drama of life. Such a child will most probably continue to be a child, as far as knowledge is concerned, all the days of his life. He will go on year after year ignorant of the spirit of the age, and without the means of appreciating those great movements in which his own welfare and the welfare of those who are to come after him are involved. But one, who in early years learns from newspapers what subjects are interesting in his own country and the people of other countries, is thus fitted to begin his career intelligently, and understand whatever is designed to agitate or advance society. In view of the vast importance to children of becoming acquainted with the world and its affairs, any parent who fails to place within the reach of those whom Providence has consigned to his care a good newspaper, is unfaithful to the momentous trust which has been confided to him, and is guilty of a gross and unexcusable neglect of duty. No child should be suffered to grow up in ignorance of the government under which he is destined to live, or the subjects that occupy the attention of the people, or the condition of the people under other governments. In youth he should be taught to take an interest in all the movements of society, and then, when he is called on to participate in those movements, he will be able to perform his duty intelligently in all his relations to his country and to those with whom he may become associated. Many minds that have become conspicuous, have received their first incentives to exertion and development from newspapers. They have been first directed to the studies in which they afterwards excelled by becoming acquainted with them through the medium of newspapers which they were in the habit of reading. No parent can tell what great and important results to his children depend on his placing newspapers within their reach, and encourage them to read them.

No one, who from his childhood has been in the habit of reading newspapers conducted with skill and ability, can grow up in ignorance. His mind will have all its views enlarged and corrected by intercourse with the writings of men who have distinguished themselves by their intellectual superiority. Such a mind will not be dwarfed and clouded by ignorance. It will rejoice in the light that enables it to form truthful opinions on subjects of duty and of interest, and understand something of that sublime machinery which regulates the celestial worlds that revolve over his head, and of the mysterious processes of nature that are ever working out their stupendous results in the fields and forests around him.

Reader, permit us to urge you to take a good newspaper—speak to your neighbor in regard to the value of a good news journal in a family, and recollect that for one dollar and a half you can obtain for a year, a paper of the desired quality, and if you read the "KEOWEE COURIER," you will ascertain where it is to be had.

From the Laurensville Herald.

### TRUCK,

"An important, useful, handy little word."

There are many words and phrases in common use, without some of which it would seem that certain persons would find it difficult to carry on their common every-day conversation. I think, if we accept the little pronoun *it*, and the noun *thing*, there is no word used in our beloved little State, of a more general application, than that little, short, handy provincialism, *truck*. Hearing it used several times at a dinner table, not long since, revived in my memory a conversation which took place on the 10th of September, 1830, at a public house between Newberry village and the Queen City, between the landlord, his family, and myself; and to give an idea of its extensive application, I will, by your permission, relate so much of it as relates to this important word.

After a hard day's ride, I rode up to the gate, and asked if I could get accommodations for the night. To which the landlord answered, "Certainly, sir, light." "Here, Peter." "Sir." "Take this gentleman's horse. Come, sir, walk in—you seem to be wet." "Yes, sir, I was caught in the shower this afternoon and feel rather chilly." "Here, Peter, never mind the horse just now, bring in some wood to make a fire—and, do you hear? bring plenty of dry *truck* to make it burn quick." We walked into the house, and after making my obeisance to the hostess, who, with two or three children, was sitting near the fire-place, we sat down, when

the old gentleman asked, "What part are you from, stranger?" "From Laurens, sir." "Laurens! that's high up. How's the crops in that section?" "Pretty fair, sir; how are they with you?" "Why, jest tolerable—*truck* suffered for rain right smartly with us one spell."

Peter now came in with the wood, and in laying it down, came near upsetting a jar of dried fruit sitting on the hearth; when the old lady, much agitated, cried out, "Mind, Pete, you'll spill that—that *truck*, there." The fire being finished, the landlord said, "Now, tend to the gentleman's horse—but stop. How will you have your horse fed, stranger?" "Why, sir, as I have travelled very hard to-day, I would not like to give him much corn; I would prefer to have him fed mostly on oats, if you have plenty." "O, plenty—and that's a very good notion, too—give him eight ears of corn and plenty of chopped *truck*."

Whilst I was saying to myself—there is *truck* to make the fire burn, *truck* (corn and cotton,) suffered for rain, dried fruit is *truck*, chopped oats is *truck*, in tripped a fine, buxom, rosy cheeked damsel of about sixteen—"Pa, did you get —?" Seeing me she stopped, blushed and sat down. The old man smiled, looked cunningly at the old lady, and probably thinking some explanation necessary, turned to me and said, "We are going to have a big meeting over here at —, and I have been to the store to get some *truck* to make my daughter a dress, and some other little things."

The articles were now brought forward, examined, admired, and talked over for some time, when the old lady seeming suddenly to recollect something, exclaimed, "Oh, Jonny, did the Doctor send anything for Bobby's chill's?" The old gentleman, drawing another bundle out of his pocket, answered, "Yes, he sent these pills and this red *truck* in this val; and said that it would be sure to stop them if taken regularly. O, wife, did I tell you about Nancy —?" "No, you didn't." "Well, that tooth doctor she has been so long looking for, came at last, and pulled out two teeth for her, and scraped. I don't know how much *truck* off the others."

"What sort of *truck* Jonny?" "Why, it was hard, yellow *truck*—I forgot what he called it. O, yes—what makes me forget? What sort of *truck* was that the Doctor gave me last fall when I had the fever, that made me so dreadful sick?" "What, tartar?" "Yes, that was it. I don't reckon it is the same *truck* that they give to sick people, but that is what he called it any how."

Supper being announced, we sat down to the table and the old lady began to pour out the coffee, but she suddenly stopped, put her hand up to shade her eyes, looked steadily into the cup for an instant, and then exclaimed, "Why, Betsy, what sort of *truck* is this?" "Why, the coffee-mill handle is broke, ma'am, and I jest had to beat it with the shoe hammer." The old lady seemed considerably troubled and said, "I fear, sir we can't give you a good cup of coffee to-night." "O," said I, "don't trouble yourself on my account, I never use the article." "What, never eat coffee?" "No, ma'am, I prefer milk at all times." From the smile that lighted up the old man's countenance, I thought he felt much relieved that I was not disappointed about a good cup of coffee. He ordered Betsy to hand the pancakes, and picked up a decanter and holding it towards me said, "Stranger, take some of this—what do you call it wife?" "Well, really I've forgot." "Well, no matter, it aint the common molasses, its the *truck* that comes from the making of the loaf sugar." "O, treacle," said I, "thank you, I am very fond of it."

These are all the ways in which *truck* was used on that occasion; but I have since heard it applied in various ways, and to various things; and what puzzles me, is to account for the fact that Mr. Walker has given but one meaning to the word—"truck, to traffic." He stands so high as a lexicographer, as to preclude the supposition that he lacked *truck* in the upper story. I think it likely that he never travelled much. Had he, in his youth, bought some knives, scissors, combs, calico, and other *truck*, and travelled over the country to *truck* with the people, he would have seen and heard many things which he never saw and heard, and would not have been so green about the word *truck*.

Tylerville.

FUNNY.—The following amusing specimen of cross-reading we extract from the Washington Globe. The writer says that a droll fellow being requested by an old lady to read the newspaper, took it and began as follows:

"Last night, yesterday morning, about two o'clock in the evening, a hungry boy about 40 years old, bought a kip—casted for a levy, and threw it through a hole wall nine feet thick, and jumped over it, and broke his left ankle off above his right knee, and fell into a dry mill: peeped and drowned. About 40 years after that, on the same day, an old out had nine turkey gobblers—the wind blew Yankee doodle into a frying pan, and knocked the old Dutch Churn down, and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Bosim, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter."

The old lady raised up both hands and exclaimed, "Du tell."

"SQUATTING A LITTLE."—Some years ago in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, one of the members of that body, an odd stick from South Hampton, when the yeas and nays were taken on an important question, did not answer to his name. After the roll was finished, he arose and addressed the presiding officer in the following pithy language:

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to let you know that I did not mean to dodge the question. I only squatted a little, in order to take a better view of the whole subject; and I now says 'no' to the critter!"

The manner in which this was done excited a universal burst of laughter from the members.

SNORING.—My uncle P—— was an awful snorer. He could be heard further than a blacksmith's forge; but my aunt became so accustomed to it, that it soothed her repose. They were a very domestic couple, never slept apart for many years. At length my uncle was required to attend Court at some hundred miles distant. The first night after his departure, my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same way without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant girl; she took the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber and ground her to sleep at once!

BIDDIE'S WAGES.—"What's your eggs a dozen, marm?" said an old skin-flint one day to a market woman. "Twenty cents, sir." "Aint you rather high in your price? nine pence is 'enough for eggs." "Perhaps such an old hunk as you may think so; but if I was a hen I wouldn't lay eggs for a cent a piece, I know."

From Fort Leavenworth—Departure of troops for California and Oregon.—A correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Fort Leavenworth, April 20th, says, there is a great rise in the prices of grain, horses, and mules there—that boats are daily passing, crowded with California emigrants, the cholera following as to the movement of troops:

The rifle regiment is here, under the command of the gallant Col. Loring, (who lost his left arm in the storming of Chapultepec.) It will leave about the 20th of May.

Six companies are destined for Oregon, direct, and three companies for Salt Lake, or Bear River, and three companies will proceed to what is commonly called Fort Larimie, on Larimie river.

This post will be garrisoned by some artillery, infantry, and dragoons.

Fort Kearney, on Platte river, will be garrisoned by two companies of infantry and one of dragoons.

Larimie by two of rifles and one of infantry.

At the latter post Major Sanderson will be in command.

The cholera and small pox are thinning the ranks of the rifles considerably, but no one seems to dread the frequent cholera alarms, because they have the very first surgeons in the world. There die daily about three. The companies will have to be filled up before they advance.

Missions in Oregon.—The Methodist missions embrace six missionaries and twelve or fifteen local preachers. There are two Presbyterian churches, and one Congregational, with some clergymen; the Baptists have two ministers and churches, the Cumberland Presbyterians three, the Swedenborg two, the Campbellites one, and the Catholic priests are numerous.

Smoking produces gastric disorders, coughs, and inflammatory affections of the larynx and pharynx, diseases of the heart and lowness of the spirits, and, in short, is very injurious to the respiratory, alimentary, and nervous system.

SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCH.—A young lady of this city, who is engaged and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, visited the Mariner's Church on Sunday last. During the sermon, the pastor discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of manner on the trials, dangers and temptations of the profession of a sailor; he concluded by asking the following question: "Is there one who thinks anything of him who wears a tarpaulin hat, a blue jacket, or a pair of trousers made of duck—in short, is there any one who cares ought for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of this young lady, who was sitting by her, immediately jumped up, and looked archly at her sister, said, in a tone, loud enough for every one to hear: "Yes, Sir, 'Beck' does!" The audience were convulsed with laughter the minister bit his lips, and concluded the services by requesting the congregation to unite with him in prayer.—N. Y. Tribune.

Why is the hub of a cart wheel like a handsome young lady? Because it's always surrounded by fellers.